From childhood's hour I have not been

As others were; I have not seen

As others saw; I could not bring

My passions from a common spring.

From the same source I have not taken

My sorrow; I could not awaken

My heart to joy at the same tone;

And all I loved, I loved alone.

Then- in my childhood, in the dawn

Of a most stormy life- was drawn

From every depth of good and ill

The mystery which binds me still:

From the torrent, or the fountain,From the red cliff of the mountain,

From the sun that round me rolled

In its autumn tint of gold,

From the lightning in the sky

As it passed me flying by,

From the thunder and the storm,

And the cloud that took the form

(When the rest of Heaven was blue)

Of a demon in my view.

Picture: <http://mycashsecretblog.com/what-will-more-money-do-for-you/sad-person-300x241/>

This poem is an identity poem because it is a poem about dealing with being different than anyone else, and that same difference also helps define your identity and that loneliness may help define you, and it talks about how he always liked different things than what other people liked.

I chose this poem because it is easy to identify with people who are different than other people and I chose the picture because it shows the sadness associated with being alone.